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LIFE
OF
DR BEAUMONT



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A

Biographical & Critical

SKETCH OF

DR. BEAUMONT,

The Eloquent Orator,

BY THE

REV. RICHARD WRENCH.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book owes its publication to the request of persons in whose judgment the Author has confidence. Having prepared and delivered it as a Lecture, the author has decided to retain it in that form.

Should this production be well received, the writer would be *prepared* to publish *Biographical and Critical Sketches*, of the following great men, viz ;-- JOHN FOSTER, THEOPHILUS LESSEY, CHARLES H. SPURGEON, JEREMY TAYLOR, ROBERT M. M'CHEYNE, RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN., DR. M'ALL, GEORGE GILFILLAN, JOHN HOWE, DAVID STONER, THOMAS CARLYLE, WILLIAM COBBETT, ROBERT HALL, and JOHN WESLEY ; the study of whose mental and general character has afforded the author great pleasure and profit.

As no young Minister, or literary layman in the Wesleyan Church has chosen this

portion of the field of popular literature, the present writer has ventured to enter upon it. Whether any similar production of his pen will be *published* must depend entirely upon the literary public. If the present specimen meet their approbation, the writer has materials for other *Pen-Portraits*, similar to the Sketches published by him of RICHARD WATSON, JOHN BUNYAN, &c., in the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine. But if the public practically say, 'this is sufficient;' the author—less cheerfully it is true—but with like promptitude, after having made his best bow, would bid them adieu!

The writer trusts that he can await the public decision calmly, though not without anxiety; and is ready either to retire to solitude, or go—

"To morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

He hopes, however, that that decision will encourage him to persevere, and prays that the Divine blessing may accompany this Biographical and Critical Sketch.

RICHARD WRENCH.

SELBY, *Dec. 15th*, 1859.

A Biographical and Critical
SKETCH OF
DR. BEAUMONT,
THE ELOQUENT ORATOR.

"Behold what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his cheek!
That glorious burst of winged words! how bound they from his
tongue! The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara."

"For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how
long it be delayed."

Ours is an age of speech-making and lecturing. Intellect marches, and illiteracy flags and halts. Men extraordinary, ordinary, and less than ordinary, are lecturers. Self-appreciation is one of the chief features of the land and age we live in. 'Everybody is somebody,' and dull mediocrity boldly claims to be heard. Things and times, facts and fossils, persons and places, are the themes of

lecturers,—whose name is legion. Such being the case, to us it is verily a marvel that—with the exception of the somewhat expensive “Life” by his son,—up to the present time no one,—so far as we know—and especially no Wesleyan, has taken for his subject a man whose soul of fire and brilliancy of language, whose soaring imagination and glowing genius were the themes of never-tiring eulogy: a man who spent forty-two years of his very laborious life in preaching the glad tidings of gospel salvation, so earnestly and usefully, that by warm and general consent he was second to no one in this prolific age. Need we say that that man is the late eloquent orator, Dr. Beaumont?

Forty-two years did we say this servant of Christ, this burning luminary ran his course? What, is a man's life to be measured by the number of times the earth rotates and progresses round the sun? Verily, not. Life is to be measured by the good we get and do. Some persons, in usefulness and wisdom are children at a hundred; while others, in' blessing their fellows, and in achievement and grace, are a hundred while yet young in years: or, in the words of Isaiah, “*The child shall die a hundred years old.*” At one of our Conferences a certain Superintendent complained of Dr. Beaumont's frequent absence from home, and that generally the supplies were scarcely suitable to the town congregations, to which the Doctor, in reply, exclaimed, “John Wesley, by means of his extraordinary labours, crammed into the fifty solar years which he spent as an Itinerant Preacher, five hundred years! You compel me to glory. ‘I speak as a fool,’ but, by the grace of God, I have been enabled, in the thirty years of my evangelical

running to and fro, to live three hundred years!" Yes, this is truth, as well as poetry, for

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

Joseph Beaumont, a barrister, has written his father's life. The biography displays considerable literary power, and a beautiful flow of filial affection, but comparatively little *artistic* skill. It is, we think, to be lamented, that the "life" was not written by a Minister, who was also a practised writer. Had Dr. Dixon, with his philosophic mind, and glowing descriptive powers, portrayed our subject; or William Arthur with his bewitching pen; where one now reads Beaumont's Biography, probably a hundred would. For a few incidents of the Doctor's history we are indebted to the above mentioned "life"; but we shall mostly array these incidents in our own phraseology, and in other portions of the Lecture pursue our own independent course.

The Beaumont family is of Norman descent. In its remote antiquity it took a prominent part in the wars of Palestine and Italy. The ancient name was Bellamont, which was subsequently changed to Beaumont: the Doctor was somewhat sensitive as to the pronunciation of his name, wishing the accent to be upon the *first syllable*. The change of name is presumed to have taken place about the time his ancestors settled in Leicestershire, of which county they were ancient Earls. A branch of the family migrated at an early period from Leicestershire into the West Riding of Yorkshire; and, from some of its ramifications, settled at Holmfirth, sprang the celebrated Doctor. To a branch of this family also belonged the poetical and illustrious *Francis*

Beaumont, of the sixteenth century, whose name literary and poetical persons will remember is closely and for ever united with that of the dramatic Fletcher. Before Francis Beaumont was 30 years of age he died, but not till he had written his name in the book of Fame. Others of the family were specially gifted and distinguished, amongst whom, time will permit us only to mention Sir John Beaumont, a Judge, and author of a poem called "Boswell Field;" and who, as Dr. Johnson said, "would have earned immortal fame for the Beaumonts, had not the more brilliant genius of Francis engrossed all that one family had a right to." The "rare Ben Jonson" was in the habit of consulting Francis Beaumont, and of submitting to his taste his own productions. Had the poet Beaumont flourished in a purer age, his writings would have been much more excellent. He and Fletcher lived together for ten years, and by the golden clasp of beautiful friendship have sent down their united names to posterity. They appeared when the sun of Shakspeare was in its zenith, and from the source of "The myriad-minded, the thousand-tongued," they drank their inspiration. They wrote in all fifty-two dramas. Beaumont excelled in the *tragic*, and Fletcher in the *comic*. Beaumont's genius was the more luxuriant, and considering that he died when a young man, he was, indeed, a marvel. Had he been permitted to live longer, experience might have removed the weeds from his garden of flowers; and especially had he drunk at the Fountain of holy inspiration his fame would have been undying. As it is the tooth of time has begun to eat it, in common with that of thousands more. Yes, even *genius*, unless it be of *the very highest order*, cannot preserve works which lack

the salt of religion; and as very few men have *original* genius, very few works are immortal,—a child can soon, and easily count them. Affecting thought! Works which our forefathers predicted would be immortal, have long ago been sucked down into the Maelstrom of oblivion. When will literary men, panting for immortality, understand this simple, yet essential truth! To return, after being deprived of their military character, some of the Beaumonts cultivated literature, others attained high official distinction, and others began to cultivate music. Our subject's grandfather had so much enthusiasm for this branch of the Fine Arts, that he injured his fortune by his devotion to music. Dr. Beaumont's father, John Beaumont, was designed for a Professor of the melodious art, but

“There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Accordingly, John Beaumont, born in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield, when sixteen years of age heard a Methodist Field Preacher, near Barnsley; and this spoiled all his music! Those were days when “*this sect was everywhere spoken against* :” and John Beaumont and his father had to part, for John could not give up his Methodism; so he went to his brother-in-law's, and learned the cloth making business. Subsequently he became an Itinerant Preacher, and through life cherished a taste for two things—“a blood horse and a fine psalm tune.” He was an industrious composer of music, which if not original, was melodious and unaffectedly simple; and some of his tunes are in good repute among Wesleyans of this day. Dr. Beaumont's mother was a woman of

considerable attractions of both person and manners. She was the daughter of Colonel Home; born at Gibraltar, and educated in Edinburgh. It is a fact deserving of notice, that great men have usually had talented *mothers*. The father may be a dunce, but if the mother is gifted, so, also, generally speaking, will the children be. But if the mother is an intellectual weakling, alas! for the child. Emerson says, "*No great man had ever a great son.*" If we are to understand by the word 'great' *the greatest of men*, then this statement is a 'great' truth. But if we take it literally, it is not correct, for many men entitled to be called great *have* had great sons, we mean men of talent. But we cannot recall any man of genius, who had a son that was a genius too: this remark, however, excludes mechanical geniuses. Beaumont's father was a man of average gifts and intelligence, but his mother lifted her head above the region of mediocrity. We have been told by persons who have heard her engage in extemporaneous prayer, that they could never forget the rare and high combination of gifts and graces. To his mother Joseph Beaumont was chiefly indebted for his shining gifts. Miss Home visited Huddersfield, heard the Methodist Preachers, obtained vital religion, and, despite of opposition from her step-father, and also from her mother, she became united with the Methodists; and as John Beaumont wanted a wife and Miss Home needed a guardian, she at length yielded to the entreaties of her impassioned suitor, became the wife of a Methodist Preacher, and the mother of the most gifted of all the Beaumonts since the days of Francis the Poet! John Beaumont and his wife had five sons two of whom were

celebrated;—Thomas, an alderman of Bradford, a medical man of considerable repute, and an excellent public speaker, who died on Sunday night, the 16th of October, 1859, aged sixty-four years; and Joseph, our subject, who was the third child of his parents, and was born on the 19th of March, 1794, at Castle Donnington, in Leicestershire, the old family county. When fifteen years of age he wrote his autobiography, but afterwards kept no journal. When seven years old he says ‘I felt much under sermons, and especially under singing.’ When one funeral hymn was sung little Joseph could never refrain from crying. His love for truth was innate. His mother said she never knew him tell a lie. While yet a boy he had the confidence of his parents, and the love of his playmates. When nine years old he was sent to Kingswood School, near Bristol. He went from Manchester in a post chaise, with four preachers, one of whom was the great methodist orator, Samuel Bradburn, of whom Master Beaumont says, in his autobiography, “Bradburn is certainly a funny fellow.” The thought would never enter the fertile brain under that powdered wig, that the boy of nine years would become the great orator of Wesleyan Methodism when the eloquent tongue of Bradburn should be silent in death; yet so it was! and just as little have some of us presumed that our *quondam* schoolfellow would one day put forth a grandeur of thought, that would completely dwarf the university-bred man, to whose mastership the ruddy little Saxon was wont so cheerfully to take off his hat: yet this, in our marvellous age, frequently occurs. At Kingswood our subject was both amiable and studious. He cultivates a bed of

flowers, and sells his carnations, which procures him pocket money. He also,—like most youths of a fanciful nature—invokes the Muse! and writes verse as a competitor for a prize. His effusion was admitted to be good, but the master happening to say the verses were “something like something of somebody’s,”—which, *en passant*, is a very *unclassical* finding, and a lame attempt at humour—Joseph lost the prize. The master—says the Doctor—was entirely wrong in his suspicion; but our subject referring to it long afterwards, remarked, “I always thought it a happy circumstance that this very trivial event occurred, as it had the effect of leading me to abandon all attempts at nibbling at the foot of Parnassus, the elevations of which I should never have reached.” The year before he left school there was a religious awakening; Beaumont came under its influence, and was made “*a new creature in Christ Jesus.*” He says, “I cried earnestly with strong tears unto the Lord, and in a moment all was calm, then did I praise God!” He was appointed the spiritual Leader of the other boys: Levity destroyed the good impressions of some, but he and others remained “*faithful unto death.*” At length the Conference of 1808 arrives. He is fourteen, has had a six years’ training, and has a strong desire and love for literature. Not having seen his father for five years, he only just remembers him. Irrespective of taste, or predilection, Joseph is apprenticed to a chemist, a Mr. Lowe, of Macclesfield, for six years. On his way he stays at home, at Congleton, *five days*, and this after an absence of five years. O rare John Beaumont! did it ever enter thy
sical brain, that a father as truly good as thou wast,

might yet be austere? This state of things, when he became a man, Dr. Beaumont greatly deprecated, deeming it imprudent, and somewhat unnatural that children should so seldom see their parents. The age of steam had not yet dawned, and travelling was very expensive. This circumstance somewhat extenuates, though it does not justify, the above incident. The following extract is truly excellent for a youth of fifteen; those familiar with Dr. Beaumont's style will see in it the budding of that gorgeous imagination which threw such a charm around his subsequent pulpit productions. It also illustrates the oft quoted line of Wordsworth:—

“The child is father of the man.”

“Are books now the constant attendants of my time? is there intrinsic worth now drawn out daily—or have I, like the bee, had my summer of life, and must what I have now extracted serve me? Is my soul daily fired with new ideas?—is my imagination so quick and lively as it recently was?—do now the cheering voices of fellow students rouse my lethargic passions? Where is solitude? Where is thought? Where the pleasing shades of the sycamore and the glen? Do they now screen my head? Does their majestic breadth, lofty height, towering branches, spreading leaves, assist fond nature in inspiring my breast with noble thoughts? Ah! no, no. How do the tears run down my cheeks at the fond remembrance of all this and ten thousand times more! Where now is the place that is dear as life itself almost? Am I fled from it, or is it fled from me for ever? 'Tis gone—'tis o'er, no more I hear that bell. No! 'tis calling others more worthy than I to those studies, those moments of

happiness, though perhaps as little thought so by them as they were by me!" Thus could our subject write at fifteen. Here we see the germ of that brilliant imagination, and of those gushes of feeling, which in his outbursts of oratory, were so overwhelming, and which lifted him into such high repute.

When our subject was seventeen his master became a bankrupt; the apprentice was released from his bond, and obtained an improved position as an assistant to a Mr. Claughton, of Chesterfield. Soon after his removal to Chesterfield he is the subject of a divine call. His mother's relations being by this time reconciled, are wishful for him to enter the Established Church. After mature consideration he decided to become a Methodist Preacher. It is curious, but yet true, that Dr. Beaumont's father *discouraged* Joseph's desire to become a Preacher, but of course did not oppose it. The father consulted Dr. Bunting, already a man of ripe judgement, his opinion was favourable, yet the father even then writes discouragingly. He tells his son that his stammering "will prevent that acuteness of expression and ready elocution which is so pleasing, and that as things now stand in the religious world, men with small abilities are but little thought of!" How the doctor must have chuckled at his father's earnest dissuasives, arising from a strange misconception; as our subject felt within him a mental power, and wealth, and the throbblings and gleamings of a divine fire, which old John Beaumont, with his two hobbies—a blood horse and psalm tune—little wot of! Had Mr. Beaumont,—who died in 1822, aged 61,—been spared, and permitted to enter one of our large Chapels, when his son Joseph was in the *zenith*

of his splendour—having come from under the outspread wings of the Shechinah, as Moses from the Mount of Communion, when the skin of his face shone with a God-imparted radiancy, and could he have witnessed two or three thousand hearers bowing under his son's preaching, as a forest bends under a passing gale, how amazed and delighted he would have been! Happily the Rev. Robert Crowther, young Beaumont's superintendent, had good eye sight. He follows the youth of nineteen in the pulpit, and hears his first sermon from "*Repent ye therefore and be converted,*" &c., and at the close of the sermon he at once assured him that he *must* forthwith leave all and follow Christ, in the holy vocation of the Christian Ministry. He obeyed. His ability was so decided that he did not even exercise as a Local Preacher, but at the Conference of 1813, was appointed to the Warrington Circuit. Our subject must not be looked at as an ordinary preacher, but as one whom God greatly gifted, and with whom preaching the word was a *passion*. Let us very briefly trace his career:—Warrington in Cheshire, was his first Circuit. Here he studiously fills some volumes with original sermons, carefully written out, which practice was disregarded in subsequent years, when his amazing exuberance of ideas, and fertility, and splendour of rhetorical expression, gave him those irrepressible outbursts of pent up feelings, which would have swept stereotyped sentences entirely away, just as a river swollen by recent heavy rains leaves its accustomed channel, runs, roars, and rushes onward in the adjacent meadows, carrying away all obstructions, and spreading fertility all around. At Warrington among his converts were a gentleman and his wife with whom he

maintained an epistolary correspondence till their death. Here also the celebrated Missionary, Robert Moffat, joined the Church under our subject's powerful ministry. From Warrington he removed to Prescott, where he formed two life-long acquaintances, one in the special friendship of the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, the other that of a Miss Morton, who afterwards became his "dearest Susy,"—his wife. Miss Morton was a younger sister of the wife of the celebrated China Missionary, Dr. Morrison. She was of Scottish extraction, though her family having for some time been settled in Ireland, Miss Morton, properly speaking, was an Irish lady. Denby Dale was the next circuit, which was *then* remarkable for two things—hard work and poor fare! Leaving this poor circuit, his next station was Bingley, near Bradford; here he was useful and happy; and here he began those supplemental or superogatory duties which he indefatigably continued during his entire life. While in his teens he was threatened with consumption. The symptoms re-appearing, his kind and solicitous father thus writes to him :—"I have told you that your constitution will not bear great exertion, and therefore posting about to so many missionary meetings must endanger your health. I believe that you ought not to take upon you any additional and extraordinary work, but even sparingly exert yourself at home. The rate at which you have studied, and the exertion of body you have used, I have always feared, would upset your constitution, because your frame is weak, therefore both mental and bodily exertion must either be proportioned to it, or it will, it must, upset the whole. This I have long been afraid of,"—

a very sensible and judicious letter of counsel. In 1819 our subject crosses the Tweed, and finds himself in the "Land o' Cakes." He was stationed in Glasgow, where he attended the University Classes, studying logic and rhetoric. After a year's residence here he was removed to the Dunbar Circuit, and resided at Haddington, and here in 1821 he was united in the bonds of holy wedlock to his "dearest Susy." The salary of a Methodist Preacher at that time was very small, but with his young wife, he has a treasure incomparably beyond "sordid gold;" to covet which is base in any man, but despicable in a minister. Accordingly Beaumont's moderate desires are thus expressed in one of his letters,—"*I merely wish to live and keep out of gaol.*" After leaving Dunbar he was stationed in the Edinburgh circuit, but lived at Leith. For the "modern Athens" he had through life a strong affection, and our people there are accustomed to speak of him as the Methodist Preacher *par excellence*. Here he studied the Physical Sciences. At this stage of his history a domestic servant, Christian McLean, entered their services, who nursed all their children, and, faithful creature as she was, she followed one of Dr. Beaumont's daughters to China, and died there. From Edinburgh he removed in 1824 to Buxton, in order to be near his mother. It was a poor circuit, a small house, and the walks were long; and though his spirits remained good, yet his health suffered. The people appreciating his uncommon excellences offered to provide him a horse, if he would stay; but Buxton was a bushel under which this light must not be put: so at the end of a year he removed to Hull. He was now thirty-one years of age, his mind expanded as

time rolled on, and put forth a luxuriance and power that few anticipated. It was at Hull, strictly speaking, that he began to be popular. He had always been more than acceptable, but at Hull he became *notable*. Yet alas! how the Fates, (mythologically speaking), fight against Heaven's favourite, permit the elixir sparkling in the jewelled cup, almost to touch the eager lips, and then cruelly dash it on the floor! Here the impediment in his speech again returned and caused him so much embarrassment that he seriously entertained the thought of retiring from the ministry. The rumour during his life, and up to this day, was, that the impediment arose from malformation, removed by a surgical operation; or, as the throng said, was counteracted by a silver roof in his mouth! This mistake was the cause of much amusement to the doctor, and of merriment to his family. His son and biographer says "nothing of the kind was the case. His hesitation was purely a nervous affection, and was removed by presence of mind, and self-controul. He also placed himself under different Elocutionists, but derived the most benefit from the late Mr. Broster, a man in considerable repute as a curer of stammerers, whose secret, however, was contained in one sentence—'Frame the organs for utterance, and commence each phrase speaking with a full and expiring chest.' Attention to which, and time, will cure stammerers." About this period at Hull, Beaumont suffered from affection of the *heart*, but it was merely functional. There was no organic disease at the fountain of life till many years afterwards. He was assisted in his pulpit labours during this time of debility by Dr. Etheridge, the author of a late excellent life of Dr.

Adam Clarke. Mr. Etheridge was then a young man, and this was his first employment as a separated Preacher. A Dr. Armstrong, then rising into repute in the medical world examined our subject—"Have you any pain in breathing on going up stairs quick? are you obliged to stop?" and so on. 'No.' 'Then you have no organic disease, I am sure, for I never knew that symptom wanting in organic disease of the heart. I have listened to your heart in both chambers, and the sound, the action, is correct, regular, quite natural.' In 1828 he removed to Nottingham, where, in 1830, his christian mother died, of whom he thus writes—"So the one to whom I was most indebted, and whom I most venerated on earth is utterly gone from the land of the living." For some time she had lived with her gifted son, and his was the melancholy pleasure of closing her eyes in death. Annually he paid a visit to her tomb at Nottingham, and preached for the chapel interest there. We do not know whether it can be said that he was ever in what might be called the *meridian* of his fame, as he was amazingly popular up to his very death; but this is certain, that in 1830 he felt the burden of his greatness in the numerous applications for special services which fluttered into his study, thick as leaves falling from autumnal trees. In the spring of this year, too, he had as many as *twelve* invitations from circuits to become their resident minister. He remains at Nottingham, however, proof against them all. The following year out of *nine* invitations, he accepts Southwark, London. About this period he advocated with great ability the cause of West Indian Negro Emancipation, and kindred subjects of general utility. In 1833 he is again stationed in Edinburgh, and remarks

‘Scotland does not present to our plough and harrow a fertile soil!’ Something else is sterile too, for he remarks incidentally, that his salary is £80 a year less than it was at Southwark! His health being very feeble, it was quite problematical at the commencement of his itinerant career, whether he could bear the toils of a preacher’s life, and though he is now of a more robust frame, nevertheless there appeared from time to time certain very unfavourable indications. A golden opportunity therefore being now put into his hand, by which, in the event of his health failing, he could pass through life in a manner comporting with the *status* to which he was born, and for which he was alike fitted by natural and acquired gifts, he went through a regular course of medical studies. How striking that the subject of his essay for his *degree examination*, was—*disease of the heart*—the malady of which he suddenly died! At the Conference of 1836 he asked permission to return to Edinburgh, the first of August being what is called the “capping day,” he arrives and takes his place among the successful candidates, with cap and gown, to the amazement of many who had presumed the Methodist Preacher was merely an *amateur* student! They had no idea of his formally graduating. At first he was disinclined to take his degree, that of Dr. of Medicine, it being so rarely conjoined with the prefix Rev., but finally thinking it might seem affected and ungraceful if he refused, he consented to receive the honourable reward of his studies. Divinity degrees being conferred by the Universities of America more generously than of yore, are apt to cause some persons in England to smile contemptuously; and refer ironically to recently

titled doctors, *i.e.*, those of them who happen not to have much philosophy, or theological acumen. The term doctor, is derived from *doceo, to teach*. A doctor of divinity, then, is presumed to be well able to teach theology. Now if mathematicians, and classical scholars are entitled to their B.A.'s, and M.A.'s, and proficient in Philology to the title of Ph.D., why should not a preacher, who during life has made theology his study, and who, in addition, has some uncommon excellence, whether in a high degree, the gift of preaching, or a pen which draws myriads of minds to his productions,—as the loadstone attracts the shining particles of steel—why, we ask, should not such men, learned in, and who *teach* theology, have the title of D.D., when venerable seats of learning deem they have earned such distinction? On the other hand, we are of opinion, that a preacher *should* stand out from the mass of *teachers* of the divine law, in some important particulars, ere his name be graced with the University Diploma of D.D.: but where this *is* the case, he is as much entitled to his honour as any Bachelor or Master of Arts. It is mere squeamishness that prevents a preacher from using his title; while that is a morbid feeling, and even vulgarity, which does not cheerfully render "honour to whom honour is due." Our subject's diploma was M.D., which was honourably won and meekly worn.

About this time the proposal for a Theological Institution for training our young preachers was on the *tapis*. Dr. Beaumont disfavoured the scheme, believing that "it would damp original ardour, and cramp or modify the peculiar genius of Methodism." To us it is a matter of

wonder that one who had to toil for his scientific education as the doctor had, and to dip into his private purse for Tutor's fees, &c., should object to a *Theological Institution*. Had he said he was of opinion that our connexion just then was not ripe for it, and that to pluck a pear before it is ripe is not wisdom, many might have admired the saying for its general truth—whether applicable in this instance or not—but to object *in toto* to young ministers receiving a college education, was marvellous. Yet, observe, when the Conference resolved to form one, the doctor not only ceased agitating but even became a contributor. His opposition arose from obfuscation: let light in, and he welcomes it. If he had taken less part in minor matters, and when he did, carefully collected his facts ere spechifying, he would have rendered real service to Methodism; which possesses an elasticity that can easily adapt itself in minor matters to the ever-shifting and changing manners of the age in which we live: but its *fundamentals* are fixed as the pyramids of Egypt; on them is written, *Esto perpetua*. For his courage in opposing what he deemed objectionable our subject may be admired. He displayed, indeed, a boldness and pluck which all Englishmen love. But he aimed at vastly too much. Had he done less he would have done more. His brethren oft admired his boldness and eloquence, when his *judgment* was entirely at fault. We rejoice at his adherence to Methodism amid tempting offers to leave it; also at his life-long devotion, and advocacy of its institutions, but we do not admire his *idiosyncrasy*; or what the Conference obituary terms,—“an exaggerated sentiment of personal independence.” Such, however, were

mere spots upon his bright and broad disk. These are *quantum sufficit*—and what of them? and who has them not, of one kind or another? Yea, unless astronomers, like the Cretans “*are always liars*,” ‘the sun itself hath spots.’

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.”

We next see him in Ireland with the late Bishop of Londonderry amongst his auditors. Dr. Ponsonby expressed a willingness to give the congregation his blessing, but Dr. Beaumont always thought “there was something incongruous in such divisions of ministering in Divine Service;” accordingly he returned this message in reply, “Tell the Bishop that I am grateful for the kind feeling with which he proposes this, but I think it won’t do. If he will *preach* I will most gladly give him the pulpit, and will listen with great pleasure to him. Then he shall bless also; but *if I preach I bless*.” As his children grew up he frequently conversed with them upon eternal subjects, and also directed and aided them in their studies. Dr. Beaumont never wrote much; he was a speaker, not a writer; a preacher, not an author. He wrote the memoir of Mrs. Tatham of Nottingham. I know not that he wrote anything besides. In his biography by his son it is deserving of remark that some of the sentiments of his letters are gems of rare beauty, especially his letters to a gifted lady, a Mrs. Rowley, daughter of Dr. A. Clarke. Writing of the death of a promising boy, he says, “The bud was large, the blossom was beautiful and lovely, but the fruit was not permitted here to mature.” At the time of Rowland Hill’s penny postage measure, in advocating

at Conference that the boys at Kingswood School should write home without restraint, he beautifully remarked, "let us see the buddings of their intellect, and know the beatings of their heart." In 1836 he is again stationed in London, in the Hinde-Street Circuit, where he laboured three years, and left amid many and mutual regrets, for Liverpool South, which was followed by three years in the North Liverpool Circuit. It was at this period we first had the opportunity of seeing and hearing him preach. When the North Liverpool officials desired him, upon their invitation, to restrict somewhat his absence from home, he answered, "he must act according to his own discretion, and could give no verbal pledge: that he had duties to the world and the Church at large, which he could not forego." And here, upon our principle of educating knowledge as we pass along, of evolving instruction from germ-principles, we would remark, it is mere *selfishness* that often induces circuit officials to demur to popular preachers occasionally leaving their homes. Why, pray, what is to become of poor circuits? are they not to be helped? and are they never to hear first-class Preachers? are they thus to suffer because they are poor and rusticated? and are country Preachers to be refused as supplies? to be *ostracised*, forbidden to preach to city audiences? Had this principle prevailed we should never have heard Dr. Beaumont to his dying day; for Providence cast our lot in green lanes, far from the smoke of 'cities full.' Preachers of repute must be left to follow their judgment, while selfish circuits, or rather Office Bearers, have the remedy in their own hands: let them choose Preachers that nobody will invite on anniversary or festive occasions;

and may Fortune smile, both upon such circuits as are resolved their Ministers shall not leave home, and upon Preachers who are *never tempted* thus to wander!

In general company Dr. Beaumont deemed it out of taste to *sermonise*, and even injurious; and that while 'every thing is beautiful in its season,' we should not '*cast pearls before swine.*' He had an eye ever ready to kindle at the beautiful and poetical. One of his daughters speaks of his visiting, with certain friends, St. Mary's Priory, at York, "Feasting with eager pleasure on the displays of gorgeous colours made by a bed of beautiful verbenas, he exclaimed, 'Upon my word, a man can scarcely help taking off his hat before such exquisite creations of the Almighty!'" He had some humour, but not much wit, or verbal jocularity. He often indulged in *bon mots* at a Conference, where they beautifully sparkled, shot up unexpectedly, and came down like a golden shower amid the plaudits of the preachers. *The "Times"* says, "The humorous faculty is essential to the balance of our intellect." Be this as it may, we do not know any first-rate men, living or dead, we mean men of *genius*, who were entirely destitute of the faculty of humour. Coleridge avers that "Men of humour are always, in some degree, men of genius." Probably a portion of truth is here sacrificed for the sake of point. Humour is a rich vein, that may, or may not, lead to the diamond mine of genius: this depends upon other circumstances. In the spring of 1842 he suffered from rheumatic gout in his right hand, which, perhaps, in part, was the result of being thrown out of a gig in 1839. Dr. Beaumont was one

of those men that must talk, from sheer mental wealth. His ideality was large, his mind well stored, and his soul poetical. On one occasion he was visiting Clapham Cave, when a shrewd Lancashire man who had charge, was so struck with the Dr.'s current remarks, as to enquire who he was: the reply is given, 'Dr. Beaumont, a distinguished Wesleyan Preacher;' the man was incredulous, and exclaimed, "Naw, naw,—never naw methody parson was so clever as that gennelman."

At different periods of his life the Doctor had very tempting offers to build and endow for him stately churches, with lofty spires, and long drawn aisles, but he was too genuine and hearty a Wesleyan not to turn a deaf ear to all these charmers. The following humorous and vivacious sentiment will illustrate both his affection for methodism, and his *catholicity* also. On one occasion he exclaimed, "Do not, I beseech you, say a word against the Established Church, for she is my mother; and I pray you not a word against the Dissenting Church, for she is my sister; and for the life of you do not say a word against the Wesleyan Church, for she is my wife!" *O! si sie omnia.* If so, *and it was* so, he was right in turning a deaf ear to mother Establishment, and sister Independency, and clinging to his spouse, Wesleyan Methodism, even though she occasionally scolded him, for what husband is there whom his wife scoldeth never? and what wife is there who is not prepared to maintain that occasionally he deserves it? yet despite of this, the divine command, "*for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh,*" is obligatory and abiding. North Bristol was his next

circuit. In 1851 he is troubled with bronchitis, succeeded by a rheumatic complaint from which he henceforth suffered more or less till he died; and which, it is now asserted, was symptomatic of the immediate damage which had occurred to his heart. Speaking of sleeping at Crewe, he makes the following vivacious notification,—“I once forgot the place I was going to preach at, the only instance of such a failure of memory for forty years. I slept at Crewe. The Queen slept there two or three years ago, and persons were allowed to sleep in her bed afterwards, at a pound a night!” ‘I am now sixty years old.’ An eminent medical man at Bath, as soon as he saw him said, “You are a wreck!” In September, 1854, he is in Germany in quest of health, drinking spa waters, and using the baths. Upon his return to the Hull Circuit in the autumn of 1855, his son observes, “The illness of the last few months had aged him in appearance full fifteen years.” During the last fourteen days of his life he preached fourteen sermons, besides attending other religious services. On a week day at the Kingston Chapel, Hull, he preached a special sermon. In this pulpit the late Rev. Thomas Galland was struck with fatal illness. Conversing with a friend upon this theme, Dr. Beaumont remarked before they went to chapel, “To die in the pulpit is the most glorious death a preacher can die, and no man can desire any thing happier.” A Rev. John North died suddenly in the George Yard Chapel, Hull. Little did Dr. Beaumont suppose that in a few days the aspiration of dying in the pulpit would be realised by himself! At a little village called Newland, on a Friday evening, he preached his last sermon from “*The same*

day at evening came Jesus," &c. On Sunday, January 21st, he conducted family worship as usual, and for his subject in the pulpit selected the 78th Psalm, first seven verses, "*Give ear, O my people, to my law: incline your ears to the words of my mouth,"* &c. With the support of one of his daughters, he walked to Waltham Street Chapel. The morning was cold, and the streets were slippery with the frozen snow. With elastic step, in order to conceal his lameness, from rheumatism, he ascended the pulpit stairs, and selected the 316th hymn. Omitting the first verse he gave out the two following lines of the second:—

"Thee, while the first archangel sings.
He hides his face behind his wings!"

He delivered the lines with an awful pathos, and quivering lip. While the congregation were singing the second line, he looked partially round, as if in search of something, and suddenly sank down on the spot where he stood, when without sound, sigh, or motion, or a single instant's premonition—*he died*. Died, "the most glorious death a preacher can die," according to his own words; thus happily realising the aspirations of the Poet of Methodism,—

"O, that without a lingering groan," &c.

A piercing shriek rang through the audience drowning the shrieks from the family pew, for though to him nothing could be happier, though to him it was like a translation, yet what a loss to his family, and to the church! yes despite the glory of Elijah's chariot of fire the bereaved Elishas cannot refrain from crying, "*My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.*" It is probable, from the diseased condition of his

heart, that the emotion which the lines of the verse produced, caused his death; for it was found upon a *post mortem* examination, that 'there was complicated and extensive disease of the heart, of long duration, and affecting almost every portion and adjunct of the vital organ:' so that any excitement or emotion might have caused the catastrophe. While on the other hand had it been known, ease and quietness might considerably have prolonged his life. The news of the Doctor's death instantly spread through the country. The public newspapers and churches generally paid tribute to his memory. We never received a greater shock of surprise than when in Barbadoes the Rev. H. Hurd, who had just received his English letters, exclaimed, "Dr. Beaumont has died suddenly in the pulpit." Persons of all religious persuasions in Hull attended his funeral. His pall was borne by Ministers of the Wesleyan, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist persuasion. The clergy of the town, and ministers generally, joined the funeral procession. John Lomas buried him, and Dr. Dixon preached his funeral sermon, from—"An eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." His hand alas! has forgotten its cunning, his sparkling eye is quenched in death, and his eloquent tongue for ever, ever still. In the Hull cemetery "our friend sleepeth," calmly and confidently awaiting that awakening which shall know no more sleep.

And now before we attempt an analysis of his mental powers, and a pulpit portraiture, a word as to the outer man. *Vultus est index animi*. Accordingly the author of the "Fairy Queen" gives it as his decided opinion, that the fairest, most comely, and purest souls,

inherit the fairest and most symmetrical bodies; that the shaping spirit moulds the expression, and gives impress to "the human face divine." His words are,

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
And all that's good is beautiful and fair."

Many persons are intuitive believers in physiognomy, not from the fanciful rules of such writers as Lavater, but rather from a kind of instinct. We also like to see the *portraits* of celebrated men, and are instinctively impressed favourably or otherwise, when we gaze upon them; or better still, upon the living person. Old Socrates when judging of character attached special importance to the voice, hence he is represented as telling a boy to draw near, saying, "Speak, my boy, that I may see thee." An article in our excellent *London Review* also says:—"The real physiognomy of a man lies in his speech more than in his countenance. There is no test at once so compendious and so safe of a man's character, as the words he uses. By his choice of these is revealed his power of mental and moral discernment; by his command over them, the range of his thoughts, his intellectual flexibility and promptitude; by the structure of his sentences, the orderliness of his mind; by his pronunciation, his refinement and breeding; by his tones, the amount of self-restraint and moral force which lies in him." Persons in general, however, by a kind of intuition, as they look at a human countenance draw inferences from it, both as to intellectual power, and the emotional character; and these intuitive impressions are often correct in their outlines. In person Dr. Beaumont was slightly above the middle size; of muscular build, and

expansive chest. He was also of very graceful mien, and occasionally, in the pulpit, stood in most commanding position; an attitude of majesty which neither the Czar of Russia, nor the Emperor of France could by possibility assume. His countenance was striking, and somewhat handsome, one that we could gaze at and converse with in silence for a lengthened period. His mouth—the index of the emotional character—was somewhat large, but very mobile, and expressive of generosity, sensitiveness, and benevolence. Not one of those close, secret, gripping, mouths, that suit spies, and diplomatists, but one ready to communicate its stores of wealth. The full lip is indicative of “big imagination,” and good nature. His eyes were small, deep-set, and of a brilliant blue, a colour—as also is the grey—that in a speaker has a decided superiority over the black, which, by gas light, has no varying expression. Often did the Doctor’s eyes sparkle, and not unfrequently glistened, and flashed, and occasionally blazed at the images of beauty that floated before them. Furthermore, he was of fair complexion, and when young, of a ruddy countenance. His features were distinctly marked, and the countenance suffused with an almost feminine softness and grace. His hair which was soft and flowing, is said to have varied at different stages of life, from almost black to brown, and then to a silvery hue. But see the capacious forehead! Story piled on story! with an expanse of temple, and fullness of brain, which at once stamp him as an extraordinary man. Yea to see him amid 500 Preachers at a Conference you would single him out and say ‘That’s an uncommonly good head;’ while his *physique* was in keeping. We may,

indeed, apply to him the words of Hamlet respecting his father:—

“ See what a grace was seated on his brow,
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.”

There is, we think, mostly, some feature, or combination of forms in the exterior, indicative of the ‘inner man.’ In Gough, the celebrated temperance orator, you behold a large; speaking, benevolent eye, indicative of language; and a countenance varying to the passions within. In Thomas Binney, and the late venerable Dr. Bunting, you feel you are in the presence of great and mighty men; dukes in an intellectual aristocracy. Look at a portrait of Burke, or Sidney Smith, and you have what I must call a *rare* combination, viz., a massy and expansive forehead, and an acute countenance; while it is well known that their writings are clear and pointed, as well as profound. From an acute countenance, and average brain, we expect transparency, but we should look in vain for profundity, expanse, or sublimity. On the other hand from a broad, high, and full brow, but a countenance somewhat obtuse, there may be many and massy thoughts, but little precision, and acuteness. Dr. Beaumont, in general, had not the splendid physical acting, and dramatic power of Gough, who lays about him as one inspired; yet in his boisterous moods the doctor trode in the same magic circle as the impassioned Gough, but,—and here lies a difference!—Gough has not those *winged and burning words* which in Dr. Beaumont not unfrequently set an audience on fire. In the acting of a long and sustained paragraph, and in the facility with which the orator can shoot his soul into the varied characters he

portrays, Gough has unquestionably the mastery. But in the princely affluence of scattering gems and ingots, in pictorial power, and splendour of colouring, Beaumont must assuredly have the palm. The doctor could not only in general say better things, in an equally powerful way, but, also, he had many more of them to say! He had, indeed, a prolific creating power, and a fertility of invention truly marvellous. See him in the pulpit! The chapel is large and packed. He rises, and announces his page in a voice somewhat rough and grating. He then lines out a verse with great solemnity, and due emphasis. In preaching he catches fire at some beautiful image in our unequalled hymns; the poetical figure is baptized with scripture, and the preacher reads it with an intonation of voice, and a gush of warmth which mean and say 'I both like and feel this.' His prayers, it is said by those who often heard him, were "his most beautiful compositions—models of devotion—chastened, subdued, fervent, importunate petitions. That amazing affluence of diction and discursiveness of fancy which usually characterised his addresses to his fellow men, gave place in his appeals to the mercy seat to a reverent and beseeching simplicity." Who that has heard him read can forget it? How simple, natural, beautiful, impressive, and spirit-stirring! To us to hear him read a chapter was almost as good as a sermon. If ever, it was then, you felt, that in effective preaching *matter* is only one half, and that the other half is *manner*; and you thus soliloquise,—“Well Dr. if it should happen that your discourse be only moderate, that elocution will buoy it up, and you will justify expectation; but if it prove superior, and especially should it be magnificent, why,

then, let the sons and daughters of excitement in this assembly be on their guard, or this stillness will soon be changed into '*a joyful noise.*'" In speaking of our subject's voice his biographer beautifully observes—"It was singularly fitted for oratorical effect—a barytone, sonorous and powerful, extremely mellifluous and susceptible of remarkable modulation. Aided by his excellent musical ear, he used it with extraordinary skill, and nothing in this way could be more impressive than was Dr. Beaumont's reading of the Liturgy, or of some favourite prayer from the Scriptures, or the poets, or especially of the beautiful service for the burial of the dead, his voice rising and falling with a swell and a plaintiveness like the tones of some grand organ, and modulated with a justness and a naturalness absolutely opposed to the received canons of clerical reading, but which never failed deeply to move and to rivet the attention of his hearers." Another critic speaking of his voice says—"The impediment did not at all deteriorate from the impression of Dr. Beaumont's speech; it added rather a truly wonderful variation to the tone; we do not remember any voice capable in the pulpit of sinking to so deep and thrilling a bass as his voice." Before we leave this point we would notice one '*vocal peculiarity*' of which his son thus writes:—"His skill was like that of a great musician, but, like that of some of the greatest musicians, he not unfrequently employed a peculiar '*discord*,' which was effected by dropping his voice to its lowest depth and muttering *sotto voce*, or sometimes gutturally, a few words or a sentence so rapidly that it was often difficult to those who heard to apprehend his

words." To return, 'see him in the pulpit;' after reading, singing, and prayer, he announces his text; all is big expectancy; he utters a few middling sentences, and then a bright saying is heard, it gleams and pleases; expectation kindles; another, and then another image brighter still, apparently enjoyed almost as much by the preacher, as the people, for his chest dilates, and his eye kindles, and by this time a few excitable hearers have begun to exchange electric glances of mutual pleasure. Then there is an illustration flashing with the hues of all glorious things, and so imbued with the unction of God that some pious and poetical soul, in a mercurial temperament, is already so surcharged, that he cannot refrain; so as a vent to a soul '*full of glory*,' he shouts "*Amen!*" The eloquent orator, on full wing, is ready for anything, he lays hold of it in a moment of excitement, and exclaims with deep solemnity, "That amen will either heighten the bliss of heaven, or the wails of hell!" The feeling is chastened, yet heightened. He is now in a storm, yea tempest, of his own creating. Image after image of dazzling beauty and real pathos appear, some prepared in the study, and others created on the spur of the moment, and both tumbling out together, give a finish, and yet a freshness; a brilliancy and novelty; a co-mingling of things 'new and old' very spirit-stirring. Upward still he goes, gathering strength as he advances, soaring with outspread pinions, and singing as he soars, till, upborne with him, we have passed through the siderial heavens, are breathing the air wafted from the 'mountain of spices,' in the suburbs of the empyreal heaven. There! the walls of jasper are in sight, the gates are open, the

inner glories of the temple are beheld, and the incarnate God standing by Jehovah on his burning throne. See! behold, the 'living throne' moves, "The anthem swells, the chorus begins its hallelujah, the King is coming, go ye out to meet him. Step out, step out!" They have stepped out, till the moon is under their feet. They have stepped out, as they can expect to do only a few times in a life time; for whether in the body or out of the body the audience know not, and they are so happy that they do not care to know! The outspread wings are then drawn in somewhat, and the downward flight commences: gently, gently, he descends, till at last he again alights upon "this little spot which men call earth," when his hearers interchange glances of almost delirious satisfaction. The orator has now reached the end of his subject, winding up the feelings of his hearers with his closing theme, when he seems to say to those hallowed and pent up feelings, 'Loose them and let them go;' at which,—says one of the Dr.'s admirers in a funeral sermon, "There is a rustling through the whole congregation, as if the wind of heaven had suddenly put in motion a whole forest." Dr. Campbell, after having heard him in London, remarks, "It would baffle George Gilfillan himself adequately to describe that marvellous mixture of thunder and silence, of the tempest and the zephyr, blended with an unearthly moaning melody, to be found in no other speaker. He now rants and raves in a manner the most boisterous, and anon he drops into a strain of natural, elegant, and easy utterance, to be again succeeded by a whirlwind." And not only were hearers in general carried away with this Apollos, but persons of culture also, for

preaching in Oldham Street Chapel at the Conference of 1841, to a crowded audience, containing a great number of Ministers, the clock struck twelve before he had obtained that "enlargement" spoken of by the old Puritans; at which he paused, and said, "But I suppose I must conclude as our time is nearly gone," to which there was a simultaneous burst from the crowded congregation, "Go on, go on!" The effect was electrical, and he replied, "I will go on then, at your bidding," and on he went, till one o'clock, dilating on the theme, "*O Lord revive thy work.*" It is spoken of by those present as a season never to be forgotten, a "*time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.*"

Leaving the pulpit we must now endeavour to give some estimate of his gifts, and analysis of his mind. We unhesitatingly assert that *Imagination* was his prime faculty; and in this particular he surpassed most preachers. We do not say there was the alternating of logic and imagination; the excellences of poetic feeling, and close reasoning, in an equal degree; which qualities stamped such a value on the productions of Richard Watson, and Robert Hall; but the *poetical* feeling, and pictorial power, in Dr. Beaumont, were greater than in either of the illustrious men just mentioned; and this it was, combined with his fine oratorical powers, which again, and yet again, at public meetings drew down such shouts of applause at his burning eloquence. He had a marvellous command of the storehouse of words, and great skill in grouping them; while he not unfrequently made some word bear an emphasis, which,—especially as uttered by him—flashed with a brightness almost magical. John Foster in one of

his celebrated Essays on "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Religion," specifies as one of the causes of distaste, "old fashioned terminology," being oft,—as Hall truly said,—not the medium, but the *substitute* for thought ! Beaumont never came under the sturdy Baptist's "*sharp threshing instrument having teeth.*" His language was novel, scientific, classical, elegant, fresh as the morning dew, and fragrant as the rose. Occasionally his sentences were ingots of gold, and not uncommonly some of his most striking images were remembered for a series of years, and even—which shows their vitality—were deemed beautiful when repeated by his hearers in their own homely language. Whenever, pray, were the *flashy* things of a preacher of mere fancy, under such circumstances, considered beautiful; or, rather, whenever were they remembered or repeated at all? Fancy is only the blossom, but Imagination is both blossom and fruit. Of Beaumont's composition it has been aptly remarked, "No style could be conceived better calculated to impress and arouse a vast popular audience." At this stage it may be well to illustrate our remarks by a few extracts, premising, however, that the selections are shorn of half their strength; yet from these, those who never heard the Doctor will yet be able to form some conception of his beauty and brilliancy of expression. The first we shall give is an illustration of his *repetitive* style, where words apparently synonymous, are made to express different shades of meaning. Speaking of the pain of the Saviour's crucifixion, and alluding to the hand, he said,—

"The nerves are the centres of feeling, the rivers of feeling, the canals of feeling, the railroads of feeling, the telegraphs of feeling ;

but the source of feeling is more remarkably placed in the hand; there are bundles of nerves, families of nerves, congregations of nerves."

Of course the inference is the Saviour's pain was great.

ON CHANGE, as an instance of *vivacity*:—

Let the eye close, and the same eye open after a time, and it will be seen the cloud has shifted, the flower has expanded, light has travelled, the pendulum beat, the world is an instant older than before."

On Books being the true levellers:—

"In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. No matter how poor I am. No matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; if Pascal will pour the hallowed riches of his first-born genius into my ear; and if Johnson will come to enrich me with his strong sense!"

THE BIBLE:—

"Though it has matter in it, which a Newton turned from the contemplation of the starry heavens to ponder, and a Locke relinquished the subtleties of metaphysics to explain, and a Bacon lent the powers of his majestic and comprehensive intellect to apply; yet it is, above all others, a book for the children of toil, to be opened when the shadows of evening begin to fall, or to be carried forth into the open field, and read beside the inactive plough."

ITS FUTURE TRIUMPHS:—

"Yes, this little book will go forth; a subduing power will emanate from its pages; the earth will be filled with its blessed truths. Jesus will be honoured and acknowledged by all. His

cross will surmount ancient diadems and thrones ; it will glitter above the domes of heathen temples, and be sculptured on the shrines of heathen gods. From the dawning east to the glowing west, one unanimous anthem will swell the praise of God and the Lamb."

THE SOUL AFTER DEATH:—

"All we know is, that the soul never, *never* dies. Like a mighty river, the track of which you can follow from region to region, and from soil to soil, but which, at last bewildered, you lose by the river entering a deep and embowered wood—you can follow it no farther. The wood is so thick, the forest is so dense, you cannot go after it, but you hear it dashing on by the furiousness of its roar. So it is with the human soul. You cannot follow it after death, but you know by the *intimations* which reach you that it is immortal."

MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE:—

"A peasant going into a manufactory looks at the machinery and sees wheels rolling this way and other wheels rolling that way ; but to him it is all confusion. Yet what is confusion to him is music to the engineer ; what is chaos to him is harmony to the proprietor. The wheels of providence are some rolling this way, and some that way ; some of them adverse to the other, but if you look well at them you will find an eye in every wheel ; and let the wheel turn which way it will, the eye of the wheel is looking one way ; and that is, at the *throne of Christ*."

CREATION OF MAN A JOY TO ANGELS:—

What a work creation is ! The angels thought so at any rate. They watched over it during its successive stages ; and as they beheld the work rise up under the forming hand of God, they wondered, they became excited ; when they saw the first blade of grass, the first ray of light, the first drop of water, the first grain of sand, how they marvelled ! They had no knowledge of matter till they saw the creation of our world. There is no matter in their nature ; there is none in the nature of God.

When they saw matter formed, how they wondered! They mused in silent admiration for six days, but when on the sixth day they saw God take a portion of this new substance matter, and unite with it spirit, and form of the union *man*, and when they saw Him cover man over with the image of himself, they could restrain their emotion no longer. Having been silent six days they now burst forth into a song, which I must hear in heaven, which I must learn from themselves, before I can fully understand it."

Again, PROVIDENCE PROTECTING ISRAEL:—

"Look at Assyria. See the flower of her army going out against Israel. They pitch their tents, they lift their lances in the sun; the helmets are nodding in the breeze; their bosoms are beating high with martial fire. Look again next morning: the helmets are not nodding, the lances are not lifted, the bosoms are not beating; the raven-wing of death has flapped over the whole army. In an hour the work was done, in a few minutes it was done; and there is not left a single breathing creature of the whole army. Who has done it? What has done it? Providence has done it. The Lord fought for Israel."

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY:—

"When our voices have ceased to speak of it, and our hearts have given up beating in sympathy with it, other voices shall be telling of it, and other hearts shall be moving with it. Thus and thus shall it be, till the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be as the light of seven suns together. Thus and thus shall it be till the beauties of holiness clothe every region, and songs of salvation float on every breeze; till there shall be unbelief nowhere, faith everywhere; hatred nowhere, love everywhere; confusion nowhere, order everywhere; war nowhere, peace everywhere; darkness nowhere, light everywhere; Satan nowhere on earth, Christ everywhere;—till the work is too much for one world to hold. When it has filled one world it will rush over into another, and fill the recesses of eternity, when the earth is a cinder and time a story."

ADAPTATION OF THE GOSPEL TO MAN:—

“Does music suit the ear, entering into the cavity, flowing along the channels, reaching to the brain, and acting thence upon the soul—does music fit the ear? Does light fit the eye—coming off from the body of the sun, passing over objects in its way, entering the eye, acting through the brain upon the soul? How beautifully the light fits the eye. Does the key fit the lock, turning its wards, shooting its bolts, and removing all obstructions? Music does not fit the ear, the light does not fit the eye, the key does not fit the lock, so well as the gospel fits the sinner.”

‘ AGAIN, JUSTICE SMITING THE SAVIOUR:—

“The sword of justice had a commission to smite the man that was Jehovah’s fellow; it smote him in Bethlehem; it smote him all along the highway of his life, even to Calvary. On Calvary the strokes of the sword fell heavy; the glances of that sword darkened the sun; the strokes of the sword shook earth, shook hell; it kept smiting and smiting the man that was God’s fellow, till at last he cried, ‘*It is finished.*’ Then the sword fell down at the foot of the cross, hushed, lulled, pacified; and it lay there till the third hallowed morning, when it was found changed into a sceptre of mercy; and that sceptre of mercy has been waving among mankind ever since, and is waving now in this assembly; so waving here that any one may stretch the hand, and touch the sceptre, and whoever touches it shall live, and may live for ever.”

Once more only.

THE SINNER PURSUED:—

“What makes you tremble sinner? Is the hawk abroad? Have you caught a glimpse of his fiery eye, of his sharp talons, and of his beak whetted for destruction! Once a little bird was perched on a tree in a gentleman’s garden, a large fierce hawk perceived and pursued it from bough to bough, and from tree to tree, till at length the poor little terrified thing was almost overtaken, and fled, as a last resort, to the bosom of the gentleman who was observing

it. There it was safe from the talons of the hawk. Now, sinner, the hawk of justice is abroad after you. Fly! Fly! Come! Oh! Whither? Whither? There is no refuge in earth or heaven. Yes, there is. Escape to the Saviour's bleeding side. He is waiting to take you in, and make you clean. Come to him exclaiming,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.'"

Now do not these beautiful extracts justify our remarks respecting Dr. Beaumont's splendid imagery, interlacing analogies, and pictorial, repetitive style?

Beaumont was a man of the people; all denominations loved him. He had the friendship of Jay of Bath, James of Birmingham, Campbell of London, Raffles of Liverpool, Parsons of York, and many more. The Methodists were justly proud of him. He was a 'Hebrew of the Hebrews;' a Methodist of Methodists. He was born of Methodist parents, breathed a Methodist atmosphere, was nursed in a Methodist cradle, and trained in a Methodist school. What wonder, then, that a man of such warmth of soul should live and die a Methodist: and he was an ornament to us. When our Conference was held at Sheffield, Montgomery, 'Sheffield's Bard,' was introduced to that assembly of divines by the President. The Poet, with locks of silver, lifted his hands, and with touching piety pronounced the Old Testament benediction, '*The Lord bless you, and keep you: the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.*' Thus did the Jewish priest bless the people; and in heaven's own words the pious Poet wished the Wesleyan Conference abounding and permanent good. The President then called upon Dr. Beaumont to express the gladness of the Preachers at the Bard's presence. The doctor rose, and

exclaimed, "Mr. President, genius, combined with holiness, vibrates music in the ear of God!" and in similar beautiful strains continued his address, saying, that amid all the poet had written, "there was nothing that, dying, he would wish to blot!" Was it not a prose poet welcoming a bard of verse? each "with all his singing robes about him!" Dr. Dixon, in a speech delivered at our Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall exclaimed, "*I like to be excited.*" This is true of most people. God has so constituted us, that we like to *feel*: and happy, thrice happy the preacher, or writer, who has skill so to touch the chords of our hearts as to cause them to make music; and still more favoured he, who by the lightning rod of the prayer of faith can draw down the light of the Shechinah—the divine glory. In our peregrinations we have occasionally heard it remarked, that 'some of our most gifted preachers, and brightest geniuses, are in poor *country* circuits.' But this, surely, is a mistake! There must be a fallacy, somewhere. These must be exceptions; a genius may be in a small place when he is young. He is *moulting*, getting his feathers, being plumed for flight; and for moulting, the fresh air, enriching dew, and mountain breezes are preferable to the din and smoke of cities. But as soon as he can soar into the deep blue, and his eyes can, without blinking, drink in the solar fire: Or to change the figure, as soon as such a tyro has found in the solitary cave of study, Aladdin's Lamp, and, at his industrious rubbing makes secret and mysterious doors fly open, revealing shining hordes of gold, and precious stones of all kinds and hues, rest assured he will no longer be suffered to rusticate, the citizens of no mean cities will say, "We have need of thee." But there is

too much light and discrimination for a bar of iron, washed with gold, to be mistaken for the pure, solid metal. That kind of thing has gone by for ever. So, also, on the other hand, a person prematurely or unduly advanced, when adventitious aids are removed, will be treated with neglect, and be compelled to retire to that obscurity he should never have left. The days of nepotism are numbered. Ours is an age and country when men will not call tinsel gold, and even when gold, amid so much wealth, must have the "*guinea stamp*." We do not like to see any one ripen too soon. Richard Watson once said to a friend of ours at Conference, "Mr. ———, where are those young Preachers that we heard of a few years ago, of such splendid talents, as likely, aye certain, to eclipse all their sires?" and echo—mocking with airy tongue at the very idea,—answered "*where?*" Beaumont laboured from 1813 to 1825—a period of *twelve* years—with general acceptance, but little more; when, as it seemed, all at once, in Hull, the soil of his mind threw off precious fruit of every kind, with a spontaneousness and luxuriance that surprised almost every one. Young men, do not think the ten or twelve years of "toiling and moiling," lost time. While those hot-house plants prematurely forced, are begining to give tokens of early decay, you, if faithful, will bring forth thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. "Soon ripe, soon rotten." You whose minds move slowly, and who toil unseen, except by a covenant-keeping God, drink consolation from this subject.

In using our measuring line, we find that Dr. Beaumont's mind was poetical, and not metaphysical. His powers

were analogical, not logical. His imagination was equal to that of any preacher Methodism has produced; while in some aspects, such as unexpectedness, splendour and continuity of colouring, it was, perhaps, superior to any of all the children of imagination to which Wesleyanism has yet given birth; but in candour we cannot say nearly so much of his *reasoning* powers. His reason was equal to that of preachers in general, but not greater. He was not psychological, nor very comprehensive, nor yet profound; but he was very beautiful, and not unfrequently sublime. His forte was pictorial beauty, and glowing, impassioned oratory. Yet, observe, while his descriptive powers were great, and he could equally portray things vast as well as minute, the *softer emotions of the heart* were mostly beyond his province. He was not a wizard to touch the gentle and tender feelings and passions. He could group his words in such a way as to form a perfect and beautiful picture, and by means of that "*unction of the Holy One*" with which many of his sermons were delivered, he could so preach as to send gushes of holy feeling to the hearts of his hearers; but he was not in the habit of presenting those delicate pencillings, and pathetic descriptions, which characterise our best poets: He did not concern himself, with those

"Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."

His perceptive powers were remarkably quick; in this respect he was kindred to Dr. Bunting. Beaumont could bring his mind to bear upon a subject with great concentration, and intensity. He had, also, in addition to his unquestionable genius, a considerable amount of painstaking research. Geniuses are mostly impatient of

investigation, but the doctor's early classical culture, and subsequent scientific training gave him the invaluable habit of fixity of thought. He had also considerable talent for mathematics, and was early initiated into the mysteries of chemistry. His knowledge of natural philosophy greatly enriched his sermons. In his homilies, however, there were seldom any nice distinctions of criticisms, or well-shaped and carefully worded definitions. He was not a polemic divine. A glance at his suave countenance would lead us to expect *discursiveness*, not point, and precision. His preaching was descriptive, rather than expository, or doctrinal. Our finding, then, upon this point, is, that some of the faculties of the doctor's mind, such as the powers of metaphysical disquisition, defining of terms, and continuity of thought, lay in abeyance. But in the absence of these, and one or two other gifts, he had the rare, sovereign, and god-like gift of genius, of the highest order—the power of inventing, re-producing, or illustrating a subject; with a buoyancy of language, and boldness of conception, as rare as they are valuable. He was no exhibiter of other men's wares, a reciter of what he had *read in books*, but drew up the pearls of great price from the deep mines of his own soul.

For many years Dr. Newton and Dr. Beaumont were the Pulpit celebrities of the Wesleyan Church; true there were also other popular preachers, but these two, like Cicero and Demosthenes, were confessedly the master spirits. As we occasionally heard both at a period of life when we were enthusiastic admirers of pulpit talent, in fact hero-worshippers, the following parallel will exhibit their points of similarity and dissimilarity, as they did, and do

still appear to us. Newton was graceful, Beaumont was powerful; Newton charmed, Beaumont thrilled; Newton affected your feelings by his strokes of tenderness, Beaumont electrified you by his powerful genius. Newton was a perfect orator, attracting and delighting all classes by his gracefulness, naturalness, and majesty; Beaumont had blemishes, which at once arrested attention, yet, strange as it may seem, the impediment added a wonderful variation to his tones, and even heightened the interest of the whole. Newton's style was easy, flowing, logical, and homely; with occasional touches of pathos and sublimity: Beaumont's was copious, polished, affluent, buoyant, unexpected, and brilliant. Newton was seen, Beaumont was felt. Newton might recall Cicero, who never entirely lost sight of himself; Beaumont reminded you of Demosthenes, in his occasional vehemence and perfect *abandonment* to his theme. Newton was the greater orator taking the term to include all essential excellences, exclusive of defects; but if we take *persuasion* as the prime notion of eloquence, Beaumont, without doubt, had greatly the superiority. Newton had the advantage in person; he had limbs like a gladiator, a shining eye, apostolic head, swan-like grace of gesture, and a voice like the fine tones of an organ: Beaumont had the superiority in scholastic culture, susceptible temperament, and in the gift of *genius*; which, in its nature, dwarfs the most towering talents. Newton enticed us onward by his bewitching oratory, Beaumont hurried us along with a vehement impetuosity. Newton gently touched the springs of feeling, Beaumont made them gush like so many fountains. Newton occasionally warmed and be-

came energetic, but never, properly speaking, *impassioned*, never rode upon the whirlwind: Beaumont often did, causing thunder, lightning, and rain; but we cannot, no man can describe it, for as Robert Hall has said "*you cannot paint eloquence!*" Dr. Beaumont once remarked in his own felicitous way, "God has placed the organs of speech between the head and the heart, in order that the voice may receive the flashes of intellect and the warmth of the soul!" When he became inspired he exemplified his own remark; for as his intellect flashed its light, and his heart throbbed and boiled with passion, the voice, aided by both, appealed alternately to the heads and hearts of his hearers, now lifted up like a trumpet, and then soft and gentle; the result was, he led his audience captive at his will. These two *stars of the first magnitude* were called to set nearly at the same time. Others have since appeared above the horizon, and shine each in its own order; but while we rejoice in the excellences of the rising ministry, yet we have cause still to lament the setting of the morning and evening star. Beaumont's ideality was great. That high and broad forehead denoted vast intellectual wealth. Once in Cornwall when reading these words of the prophet in one of his lessons, "*Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail,*" he paused, and being struck with the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, with great fervour and solemnity, he exclaimed, "*May these words when I am dying, ring in my ears.*"

In looking at Dr. Beaumont's style, as an image of his mind, we claim for him that greatest of intellectual and emotional gifts—*original genius*. Critics of Poetry tell

us with sadness, that for some time there have arisen no *great* lights of original lustre. Psychologists bewail that there are no living, original, and profound Metaphysicians. And we are tempted to declare that there are no Theologues of great inventive genius. We must not, however, yield to the temptation; yet we will say, they are few indeed. In this age of ours there are multitudes of small eminences, but where shall we go to feast our eyes upon a Himalaya? a Mont Blanc? or even a Ben Lomond? We have in the swarms of public speakers who are "fretting their little hour upon the stage," many fine words, gaudy images, and not a little rant and mannerism, but of course such men never touch and stir the heart. There are many Poetasters, who walk with solemn pomp on stilts; yet everybody instinctively feels—despite their elevation and the trumpet-praise of the press—they are, after all, if not pigmies, "*men of like passions with ourselves.*" Of many Poems in the present day it may be said, 'here is the poetry of *language* without the poetry of *feeling.*' Sentimentalists admire them, yawn over them, and forget them. We read critiques, and think either the press is bewitched, or we are retrograding. We go to hear an orator, championed as a man of genius, yea an eighth wonder of the world; but soon find he is merely rhetorical; not imaginative, not impassioned, not original; and, as always happens before long, old stern, and impartial Time seizes the upstart and puts him in his proper place! We have in reality, much general mental power, and considerable literature, tact, smartness, and talent in this nineteenth century; so much so, indeed, that many competitors for fame finding themselves encompassed by abounding excellence and

intellectual force, have finally become dispirited, left the flowery slopes of Parnassus, whose base is crowded by the struggling votaries of ambition, and have suddenly plunged amid the multitudes of every day life, muttering, "I am born out of due time, either sooner or later I might have won an olympic wreath, but *O tempora, O mores!*" Yet amid the throngs of men of parts and education, and some few of *illustrative* genius, who stand as dukes looking down upon the aristocracy of talent and literature, *where are the kings, crowned or uncrowned?* Men of powerful inventive genius, whose province it is, not to 'exhaust old worlds but to imagine new,' and whose visions of seraphic loveliness haunt us both night and day? Where are the poets, whether of prose or verse, whose talismanic words pierce our souls to their utmost depths, make our nerves simmer, and put our thoughts into a state of glorious fermentation? whose words, burning with electric life, make our very blood boil, and set our souls on fire! *Where are they?*

This age demands an exciting and a brilliant style of writing and speaking, combined with simplicity, genuine passion, and directness of aim; qualities which frugal Nature rarely bestows upon one person. Yet, we boldly and honestly claim this genius, this opulent imagination, simplicity, directness, impulse of soul, and deep passion for Dr. Beaumont. He had, moreover that "ideal enthusiasm and susceptible temperament" which poets tell us are inseparable from true genius. But while he was richly endowed, there were other gifts that he had not. We attempt a critique, that is, a *judgment*, not a panegyric. All persons of cultivated taste who have read or heard

our subject, at once felt that there was in his compositions a ruggedness, a want of neatness and smoothness, of polish and elegance, and those tender touches that stir our hearts to tears. Nor yet was he distinguished by what many critics contend is the chiefest excellency of composition, namely, *purity* of style. To unite brilliancy with purity forms what is called the *classical* style; but how very difficult it is thus to write! Not one classical scholar in ten thousand can attain it. This is one of those talents that cannot be given, which are inherent in the human soul, whether as an heir-loom from ancestry, or a special gift of God. Robert Hall confessedly achieved it. He was brilliant without being gorgeous; beautiful without being pretty, and lucid without being tame. But even he had to pay the tax of sacrificing ease, naturalness, simplicity, and brave negligence; qualities which many a *Litterateur* prefers to classicality itself. Dr. Beaumont made no pretension to smoothness, purity, elegance, and the last refinements of our own mother tongue. In splendour he resembled Lord Bacon, and oft in conciseness and alliteration; but not, of course, in wealth, and profundity, did he equal

“The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

In energy, novelty, and excitement, he recalls the great and good Bishop Hall, but in general he has not so much sap and terseness. We infer that our subject read both, and was enriched by both: but he had a copiousness of thought, a cadence, richness, of language, vividness, and a significance of imagery all his own; combined with magical power of so forming and grouping his words as to make cherubic pictures, to be hung up in the hearers

"chambers of imagery" and to hang there till the awful realities of eternity chase away every vision of time.

In conclusion, Dr. Beaumont was a *soul-saving* preacher. In him there was a combination of splendour and substance, of pith and power. While he made the eyes of the poetical kindle, he also unlocked the door of the temple of the heart, seized the chords, and set the emotional faculties a ringing like joyous bells on a festive day. His great themes were the Cross of Christ, and the Way of Salvation, and he never, never hid the Cross, or veiled it with flowers, or drapery. According to the Conference Obituary, "His preaching was characterised by a cordial appreciation of the truth and power of the gospel; by great general felicity, and frequent brilliancy of illustration; by repeated bursts of impassioned eloquence, and an earnestness of manner and delivery, often amounting to impetuosity, which produced a vivid impression on his audience, and caused his services to be in great request as an occasional preacher." Yes, the piety of Dr. Joseph Beaumont elevated him into a region which surpasseth poetry, and genius, as heaven surpasses earth; and where the footstep of the dramatist and poet never trode. Nature, so to speak, smiled upon our subject at his birth, scattered into his soul those divine sparks, and that immortal seed-thought of wealth, which neither industry nor schools, nor both can give. We hold that *genius* is born with a man, and though circumstances may cause him to gauge vats, or mend kettles, as in the case of Bunyan and Burns, yet that genius will eventually burst forth, and shoot up like a pyramid of fire; *sing* in strains that will entrance a listening earth, or *speak* with a voice

that will send its vibrations down the aisles and arches of all coming times, and make *generations yet unborn* clap their hands, and devoutly bless the Giver of "*every good and perfect gift.*" Such a man, such a genius, was the eloquent and pious Dr. Beaumont, and "*He being dead, yet speaketh.*"

FINIS.

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